

COTHURNES WORN OVER BARE FEET LATEST FASHION IN EVENING SHOES

Classic Attire of an Actress Introduced Into Paris Drawing Rooms--Panniers Reappearing on the Wave of Persian Designs Sweeping Over the World of Dress

SOME of the new winter dress models show something very like panniers on the hips. Two or three seasons ago one of the leading Parisian dressmakers made a daring attempt to bring panniers into fashion. This time the artist makes frocks for several famous actresses and with their assistance she launched panniers of various designs.

At first every one said that this revival of a picturesque old fashion would have to meet a certain success. Then, suddenly, the fashion craze died out. Hardly any one would accept the new outline and the revival was pronounced a failure. Then, after the space of some months, one of the most talked about dressmakers in Paris started the rage for Persian outlines.

He gave magnificent Persian fetes at his private house; in his studios he created amazing Persian robes and tunics and corsets. And about the same time Richemont's "Le Minaret" became the most successful theatrical piece of the season. The result of all this was that the Persian "tunic" became universally popular and from the Persian outline as have naturally glided on to an appreciation of puffed effects; for though the Persian tunic is quite unlike the ordinary pannier in detail the general outline is very similar; in both cases the upper part of the dress stands away from the hips and accentuates the clinging folds of the skirt.

At the present moment the rule in the world of dress is that pannier effects are correct in the day time and Persian tunics correct in the evening. Most of the leading modistes in Paris dressmakers agree that the genuine Persian tunic is unsuitable for day wear.

Some of the newest panniers are in vogue formed from two wide gathered flounces, which are attached to the skirt at both sides, giving a sort of quaint balloon appearance to the dress. Another design is arranged in a single flounce gathered at the waist and again gathered half-way between the waist and knees. These flounces are always made of very supple materials and they are adorned with the muslin in order that they may stand away from the hips in the desired manner. For evening wear the exaggerated Persian tunic is immensely popular. It is made of many different materials, but always richly embroidered and invisibly stiffened at the hem.

Jacques Worth has recently given some valuable opinions on the subject of modern dress, especially on the subject of modern eccentricities. He said quite plainly that the time was coming and quickly when a complete change would come to be brought about in the world of dress; that women of fashion were losing their sense of fitness and of balance. The sensational and purely eccentric side of the dress question was receiving far too much attention and it was time to "pull it."

Don M. Worth is right cannot be questioned. A few years ago women of refined taste would not have dreamed of wearing the eccentric dresses and hats of modistes. Now nothing seems too eccentric nor too sensational; it is only the really keen observer who can now distinguish between the women of great good and those other women who seem to exist for the purpose of being photographed and paraded and discussed. To a large extent all women now look alike; in fact it very often happens that it is the pretty actress who conveys the impression of distinction and not the veritable grande dame.

Elastic waist bands may not seem worthy to be classed among Parisian novelties, but in reality the elastic waist band of today plays a very important role in the comedy of dress. Everything attached to the figure by means of an elastic waist band, wide or narrow, the drape of neckline and of stiff collars are momentarily departed. All the newest designs seem shapeless and they are almost always secured at the waist with an elastic band. No woman can hope to seem correctly dressed unless her

clothes are loose and yet clinging, as the draperies of the Venus de Milo.

Naturally all this makes great demands upon the female form and upon the manner in which this form is carried. "Floppy" is the only word which describes the appearance of the modern woman of fashion. Nevertheless she is a thing of real beauty when her type agrees with her gowns.

Slender women can and do look exquisite in little unlined kimono corsets made of crepe de chine or Oriental satin—corsets which are fashioned like a child's pinafore and confined at the waist by a narrow band of elastic run into the material itself. It seems a very primitive style of dress, but in reality it is complicated beyond words.

Fragile material is posed upon fragile material; laces and chiffons are laden with costly embroideries; fringes are placed at unexpected places. Everything is supple and dainty. In a sense everything is without special form, but the ensemble is delicious when a charming and clever woman is concerned. All the shoes of the present season except those intended for early morning wear have exaggerated high heels. The Cuban heel, which a few months ago was ubiquitous, is rarely seen unless on shoes intended for "le footing" or for some special sport. For afternoon and evening wear the highest possible Louis XV. heels are invariably worn, and these are made of slender glove kid or patent leather and richly embroidered in beads and facets of steel or dull gold.

It is not now considered correct to wear diamond studded heels, though these are very smart and attractive; on the other hand the heels of some of the new shoes are inset with facets of cut steel or jet and rimmed with seed pearls or olivines.

The very latest evening shoe is the cothurne worn over bare feet. This is a startling fashion, but when seen in conjunction with classic draperies it is exceedingly attractive. The cothurnes are laced with black moire ribbons or with ribbons which match the costume. They were introduced by a very beautiful actress who has remarkably white, small feet who makes a specialty of classic robes in the evening.

All last season she wore the cothurnes I have described whenever she adopted Greek draperies in the evening, and the innovation was universally admired. Now it threatens to become a generally accepted fashion, and I tremble for the results. It is not every woman who can appear in bare feet with credit to herself. And this fashion might so easily be made ridiculous if not actually offensive.

I think I mentioned the new leopard skin shoes in one of my recent articles. These are really charming when bordered with black glove kid and finished off with black heels and diamond buckles. I have seen these shoes worn in conjunction with a black satin dinner dress which was draped up in front and had a narrow pointed train.

The draped skirt was entirely made of supple black satin, but the corsage was done in several shades of chiffon, each tint recalling the tones of the leopard skin on the shoes—tawny yellow, deep orange, black and a sort of dull beige. There was a deep sash of black watered ribbon, and this sash was finished off with a splendid diamond and topaz buckle.

It was an exceedingly original costume and attracted general attention and admiration at the official reception for which it had been created. For wearing with restaurant dresses very smart shoes are being made in "tete de negre" moire. They have short, rounded toes and immensely high heels and are fastened by a single strap across the instep and finished off at one side by a diamond buckle.

Another very smart afternoon shoe is that made of navy blue watered silk and glove kid in the same shade. The heels are sometimes covered with deep crimson leather and a smart little bow of the same appears on the low front; a diamond button finishing it off in the center.



Beautiful restaurant costume. Tango red chiffon dress with a deep tunic in silver lace. Narrow band of skunk on the picturesque corsage. Superb stole and muff of black fox.

Seven Ages of Woman--Middle Age

By MIDDLE AGE, Mrs. Humphrey (Madge).

THERE is an inviolable saying that women are not worth looking at after 40, nor worth talking to before. But the more one thinks of the middle aged woman, one of the assets of the nation. With all her powers matured, her energies in full force, she is capable of good work and should not rest out.

The years between 40 and 60, probably the period understood by middle age, are much too precious to be allowed to slip away in dullness, in the trivial daily routine, ordering and eating meals, in interviewing dressmakers and growing more dowdy and frumpish every day.

Our grandmothers (I am still arranging things as a picturesque gray hair, picturesque middle age; but looking around us today we see many instances of the victory of the youthful spirit over the years. Some of the handsomest women in London society are triumphant notwithstanding gray hair.

We read in antiquated novels of women of assuming the privileges or penalties of middle life, wearing caps and bonnets which add on years to their appearance age. This may have been done in all meekness and humility, but the twentieth century sees a very different thing of affairs.

Many a middle aged woman has a complexion almost if not quite equal in brightness and beauty to that of 25. The present mode of hair dressing is far more favorable to good looks than the flat curls which we see in the portraits of our grandmothers. Also the style of dress in middle age, often criticized as much too youthful, is in strong contrast with the deplorable hideous garments worn by our grandmothers in the middle period of their lives.

It is true that this may be carried too

far and have the effect of making the wearer look even older than she otherwise would. A well known duchess, who has long joined the majority, amused her friends by going about in white muslin with a long sash and a round hat, trimmed with daisies and forget me nots. She could not have taken a worse means of going back in appearance to the age of her third husband. Yes, this was the pathetic reason for her May time style of dress.

Young people regard middle age as a horrid shadow in the future which they almost hope they may never reach. To their idea old age is bad enough, but middle age is prosaic, commonplace, dull and distasteful to the last degree. They wonder what compensation, if any, is bestowed upon sufferers from this unpleasant experience.

Little do they imagine the fresh interests and new occupation that serve to stifle regrets and give a new glow to existence. Only now and then, for a fleeting moment or two does the middle aged woman long for youth, perhaps in the words of Thomas Moore,

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning.
Its clouds and its tears are worth evening's best smile.

Perhaps the poet scarcely thought how exactly he hit the mark in those words, "its clouds and its tears." It is the wild emotions, the strenuous struggles, the passionate fervors of youth that make the middle aged almost content to have passed through its agitated stream, and to find themselves in the peaceful shallows. Every human soul must have a struggle to discover itself, to look life fairly and squarely in the face, and settle for itself those great questions of faith, of creed, of finding its niche in the great architectural scheme of life. These days of turbulence passed, there comes that repose, that peacefulness which are among our greatest blessings.

But what to do with these energies and this abundant leisure that fall to the lot of the middle aged woman whose sons and daughters have left the home? Well, did not Queen Victoria begin learning Hindustani at the age of 70? Far past middle age, and with at least five hours daily of hard work for the State, this wonderful old lady took up the task with energy and determination, and realized her wish of being able to converse with her Indian subjects in their own tongue.

If we look round us nowadays we find the middle aged woman do much of the important work of the world. Some of them have developed an extraordinary gift of organization. In works of charity in great literary undertakings (as the Encyclopedia Britannica), in the service of the State (as sanitary inspectors, &c.) the middle aged woman has now her appointed position and enjoys to the full the development of her own powers.

The truth is that during the childhood and youth of her children certain qualities of the mother become almost atrophied for lack of use, and as one who after having suffered from cramp at last is able to stretch the limbs to their utmost, and a wave of relief and enjoyment spreads through the entire being, so the mental powers find relaxation even recreation, in growth. In true growth is found one of the great joys of existence.

Some middle aged women allow their energies to become dispersed and dwindled by devoting them to everyday occupations and amusements. Thousands of them consider a day lost if three or four hours of it have not been spent over games of cards. Others, more intellectual, take up music again or painting or devote themselves to the beautiful fancy work which has now returned to fashion after many years of partial oblivion. Others take to travel, seeing perhaps for the first time the far away lands into which their thoughts and conjectures have often made excursions.

The value of a hobby is never greater than in middle age. So long as it is not carried into extremes it has a most salutary and beneficent effect. Women are by nature less inclined to rush into extremes than men, who often sacrifice their families to their immoderate love of collecting. For women there are many hobbies which can be indulged in at small cost.

One of the most beautiful is the care of the poor, especially the little children. If the history of the last few years could be collected and written it would be found that middle aged women have wrought a wonderful work in the amelioration of the lot of poor children.

Some middle aged women I fear I may say many are very severe and harsh in their judgments of young people, particularly girls. They appear to have forgotten that they once were young themselves. And another favorite occupation of the less admirable section of the middle aged is grumblism.

In fact with some their sole amusement seems to consist in thinking and saying unkind things. They deal out the harshest of criticisms without taking into consideration the many circumstances that lead others to grudge comment. Can it be that these grudge their youth to the youngsters? It would almost seem so.

But could anything be more illogical? This attitude of middle age to youth was partly pardonable in the days when no doors for congenial occupation were opened to members of our sex, but now that the world is open before them, with all its treasures to explore, its wonders to examine, it seems a stupid and a wicked thing to confine themselves to silly gossip about others and universal condemnation ready for all.

One can read in the countenances of some middle aged women their inclination to cavil and criticize their fellow creatures, and just as the faces of the gentle and considerate become beautiful as the years go on so those of the envious and the harsh grow repulsive and disagreeable.

Grumpiness and discontent are the chief characteristics of some of the middle aged. The habit of grumblism grows very easily, and pervades the home atmosphere from breakfast until bedtime. When husband and wife are both grumblers, tacitly encouraging each other in a pastime which has nothing to recommend it, the house is one to be avoided by all who love the joyful side of life.

Discontent is not in itself reprehensible. We ought to be discontented so long as there is in the world something that renders others unhappy; so long as in our own lives there is something to be improved. Until we have done our best to get rid of things like these discontent is divine. Grumblism is a very different matter. It does no good, and it is an ugly, uncouth and unprofitable frame of mind.

It might surprise the young to know how middle age can enjoy the brightness of a summer day, the singing of the birds, the exquisite beauty of the world. Hope is by no means dead in the hearts of the elderly, a proof that we were certainly meant to be happy, so indomitable is the inclination to light heartedness.

Even regret for youth long past becomes mitigated as the years roll on. Would we be young again? Where would the pleasure of it be if we had not our old friends of the long ago? Christina Rossetti in one of her lovely songs refers to the meeting in a future world of two who had loved and parted here. In the last line she asks in wistful words, "But shall we be young and together?"

Could we be indeed happy if youth were restored to us but not the friends who made its happiness? What middle aged women regret is the well remembered days "when morning souls did leap and run." But though the world's book may read drily, the great thing to avoid is becoming enwrapped and nummified in the garments of the reiterated daily common-places.

Victor Hugo once wrote delightfully of "The Art of Being a Grandfather," and many middle aged women feel, if they cannot write poems on the happiness of seeing about them the children of their children. Often these bring a beautiful aftermath of joy and contentment in the lives of those who are beginning to descend the long hill.

There is nothing so exquisite as the love of a little child, and some of the middle aged attract this in a marvellous manner from the little ones when they usually meet in the park, in an omnibus, in the train. Queen Victoria is said to have this gift. Babes directly they saw her began to laugh and crow and chuckle and hold out their arms to her. This was in the days when she had her own nursery full, but some women retain the delightful gift well on into old age.

Sometimes the middle aged are very lonely in their inner life. The husband may have gone and the children are all out in the world. Lady Tontant in one of her books has a touching passage about an old woman in such circumstances. She said: "Come the long winter evenings, and I miss 'em and I want 'em." Even more pathetic is a beautiful "Mother Song" which ends:

They've all gone away, grown men and women
They've gone into the town to make their bread;
The only one that hides a cheek for ever
Is you poor little mame that be dead.

As for the only one that's left, she is the dead.

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DIET OF ALL COOKED FOOD URGED.

THERE is a general tendency among students of hygiene to recommend the all cooked diet. Not only should all foods be cooked, they say, but all utensils and dishes, even the knives, forks and spoons, should be sterilized by scalding. This latter precaution has, of course, long been taken in hospitals and in model nurseries where babies are looked after by trained servants.

It sounds a sad note to those who have long glorified fresh fruits, green salads and vegetables that may be eaten raw with or without the various dressings. Even the raw oyster is condemned by these authorities. In a recent interview Mrs. Thomas A. Edison was quoted as saying that all foods served to Mr. Edison are boiled or subjected to a heat of 215 degrees to insure the destruction of disease germs.

A Danish professor who has given long years to the study of cancer reports that his experiments have caused him to believe that raw food is the cause of the malady.

The only sure prevention of cancer, he says, is to eat nothing raw. In the case of foods that do not readily lend themselves to the cooking process he recommends scalding or plunging in boiling water for a minute or two. He cites bananas and strawberries among these foods.

Salads innumerable can be made from vegetables cooked and allowed to grow cold. It is asserted that in this form they will always prove more gratifying as a food to those of delicate digestion than when raw. Tomatoes and strawberries may not be eaten with safety by some people, as they produce a skin affection, yet cooking them will do away with the trouble.

The cucumber is at its best when sliced, rather in bread crumbs and beaten egg and fried to a golden brown. It is similar to egg plant in taste, but far more delicate. As a breakfast dish served with broiled bacon is not to be outdone. The cucumber should be peeled and cut in rather thick slices. Three slices are as much as the ordinary large cucumber will make, and a small one may be halved.

Bananas are improved by cooking as fritters, dipping them in a batter and frying brown, or they can be fried or baked with a little dusting of flour to help in the browning process.

For use in a salad the bananas may be scalded and then allowed to grow cold. Microbes, it seems, penetrate even the thick skin of this fruit as it ripens. All fruits that now combine with other foods as a salad dish will benefit by boiling or parboiling.

Cooking delicate fruits like berries, should be very slight and a good quantity of sugar should be used before they are sent to cook. Cherries, pineapples, grapes, plums, currants, apples, all kinds of fruit are better for the cooking and sweetening and cooling before being sent to the table. Skin, seeds and pithy parts can be removed.

Take the ordinary orange, certainly one of the most delicious of fruits. It usually goes to the table served in its skin, but the work of eating it in many cases is harrowing to the consumer as well as to the spectator. The orange rind, carefully rid of all skin, seeds and pith, can be made into delicious fritters. The mellow and flavor is conserved in this way and the fruit digests easily.

Baked apples are among the foods chosen by the gods.

A splendid way to serve fresh fruits, such as peaches, is to parboil them. Then skin them and take out the pits, let them cool and add them to a dish or mound of jelly made from one of the various gelatine powders delicately tinted and flavored. A little white cream is added to this dish before it hardens.

Deliciously made toast can be substituted for the roll at breakfast. All rolls and buns may be split and toasted before eating.

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